

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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SIXPENCE



IT WAS A GRACIOUS and characteristic act of the King, in this year of so many trying functions arising out of and connected with his coronation, not to be forgetful of the claims upon him of the boys' summer camp, which owes both its foundation and its undoubted success as an annual institution to his own interest and inspiration. To have the founder of the camp, now the King, once more joining in all the fun of it, clad appropriately in shorts and pullover, and showing his thorough enjoyment of his temporary association with boys drawn from board school as well as public school, must have been a delightful experience, that will be a cherished memory, for all His Majesty's youthful subjects present in this gathering.

TO THE EXTENT that our relations with Italy seem to be on the mend, Great Britain and the British Empire are certainly indebted to the Prime Minister. It is too early to hail Mr. Neville Chamberlain as a great Prime Minister or a Foreign Minister of the Palmerstonian tradition. But one thing emerges clearly. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is a realist.

That is no small matter. We have suffered too long from misty idealisms and unconvincing roundabout-isms which have led us up a garden path ending in peril and humiliation. We, Conservatives, have been the backbone of a government which has sought its foreign policy along radical lines and we have seen our own views subordinated to those of the Socialist party. Thus, professing at times an alluring and impracticable Beaverbrook policy of minding our own affairs and leaving Europe to stew in its own juice, we have found ourselves leaning on the side of Moscow through the medium of France against the Right dictatorships. All this, or some of it, is well enough in theory. There is no party in this country on the side of dictatorship from Right or from Left. But bluster without any force behind it, and jockeying for position against more able and less scrupulous minds, has produced the very worst results.

Now Mr. Neville Chamberlain takes a hand, and by direct, possibly guileless, methods he seems likely to clear away a great deal of needless suspicion by recognising the obvious fact that the Mediterranean is the personal sea of none but a vital pathway in which British interests are safe so long as they are backed by force of arms and formulated in exact but candid and unaggressive terms. Our new Prime Minister gives evidence not only of the convictions, but also of the courage which should go with them. This is a change on which we are entitled, all of us, to found a considerable hope.

IN COMMENTING UPON the close of the Parliamentary session many of our contemporaries have rightly drawn particular attention to the refreshingly novel feature of a House in two important directions dictating to Ministers instead of a House that was invariably content to wait on Ministers' pleasure. Perhaps there is a moral in this that the Cabinet might take to heart. They have a huge majority and an Opposition facing them that seems wholly incapable of ever proving dangerous. In these conditions an undesirable mental lethargy is apt to be produced in higher circles in Whitehall. This in turn inevitably causes discontent and resentment in the ranks of the Government's following, not to mention the unfortunate effects on the country at large. Twice the House has been roused to save the Government from itself. Further demonstrations of Parliamentary "independence" are not likely to increase the Government's prestige. It would be as well, therefore, if the holiday season helped to purge the Cabinet of what Mr. Churchill would call its undue "composure"—especially in the all-important matter of national defence, about the "progress" in which considerable uncertainty still prevails.

THE COMMONS' DEBATE on the Imperial Conference, just before the House rose, resolved itself largely into a discussion of the question of the South African Protectorates and of Britain's "trusteeship" of the African native. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, in winding up the debate, repudiated the suggestion that recent native legislation in Southern Rhodesia was "reactionary," but was exceedingly vague when it came to mentioning the subject of possible amalgamation between the Rhodesias, contenting himself with the statement that the Government "were giving very careful consideration to the points raised by Mr. Huggins." Perhaps to the two Rhodesias a little more action and a good deal less deliberation on Whitehall's part would be considerably more comforting.

AS FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN Protectorates, Mr. MacDonald once more called attention to the *aide memoire* of 1935 and declared: "The Government were bound by that policy. They were in honour bound to play their part in carrying that policy out. They were anxious to do anything they properly could to implement that policy." Admirable this assurance, but one can only hope that in continuing its discussions with the Union Government on this subject Whitehall will see to it that "the implementing of the existing agreed policy" is carried a great deal further than the mere accumulation of documents. "They must not," said the Dominions Secretary impressively, in concluding his speech, "consider merely

the interests of the Union or of the United Kingdom; they had to consider seriously the interests of the populations, both European and native, in the territories concerned." To this one would add that one other thing to be considered very seriously by Parliament and the Dominions Secretary is how far the indefinite prolongation of sentimental claims to an African trusteeship is in conformity with the letter and spirit of the Statute of Westminster.

THE DECISION TO PLACE the Fleet Air Arm, with the exception of shore-based aircraft, under the complete administrative control of the Admiralty is both a just and a wise one. The old dual system of control whereby the Admiralty directed the operations of the Air Arm and the Air Ministry was responsible for its administration was hopelessly unfair to the Navy, since it deprived it of the inestimable advantage of having its own special Air Arm trained wholly and solely in sea work. Under that system there was no guarantee that airmen, once they had become expert in flying at sea and in naval reconnaissance, would not be transferred to land squadrons and their places taken by other airmen quite unacquainted with the duties that would be required of them. The Government's decision will have done much to remove a legitimate naval grievance and also to ensure the greater efficiency of the Fleet Air Arm. Doubtless the Navy would have been even more pleased if the Government's decision had also been extended to shore-based aircraft. But at least the principle for which the Navy contended has been conceded and, having secured more than half of the loaf already, it can look forward to getting it all perhaps in the politicians' good time.

THE INDIAN POLITICAL situation at the moment presents the picture of a delightful calm. But behind that calm there may, of course, be a storm brewing. The Congress Ministries have not had time as yet to settle down to the business of producing their programmes of reform, but when they do begin formulating their policies and making known their intentions a certain amount of liveliness in the political atmosphere is to be expected. These programmes and policies will probably be in close accordance with the Party's election manifesto of August, 1935, and will include measures not only for reducing the costs of administration and for the prohibition of intoxicating liquors and drugs, but also for the repeal of the so-called repressive laws, the release of detenus and the return to them of confiscated lands, and, not the least important of all, for wholesale agrarian reform, involving considerable reductions in rent and revenue. The last item is likely, if thorough, to have the unfortunate consequence of unbalancing provincial budgets and raising grave issues over borrowing powers with the Government of India. That is one, not improbable, source of future trouble. Another is the threat to internal order and peace in the Congress-wallahs' desire to set free all the detenus

and leave them at complete liberty to restart their old agitations. Here it is obvious—even without Sir John Anderson's broad hint to the Bengal Legislature which, incidentally, has no Congress majority—that with the best of goodwill on the part of the Governors the relations between them and their Ministers may easily be strained to breaking point.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

So said the bard of Avon and, of course, he was, as ever, right. But imagine if its first horticultural discoverer had jealously given the rose the truly paralysing name conferred by pharmacists—so we learn from a Sunday paper's report of the British Pharmaceutical Conference—on what is described as an "epoch-making" drug, "one of the greatest discoveries of the century in chemotherapy." That name is Para-aminobenzenesulphonamide. What would have happened to the rose if it had been saddled with a name like that? A Welshman might have revelled in its polysyllables, but who else, one would like to know? Its very name would have been calculated to frighten its admirers and to turn their thoughts to other flowers. And what has this poor drug done to deserve what the pharmacists have done to it? It is, we are told, "an effective cure for diseases of the blood stream," "its potentialities have not yet been fully explored and it is not improbable that its use may be extended to a much wider variety of diseases." But—and here seems to come the explanation of this verbal monstrosity—"British manufacturers are most anxious to avoid anything in the nature of extravagant claims for the drug, particularly in the early days of its introduction." The drug, in short, must not be allowed to get above itself, so the pharmacists have weighted it down with a name so pharmaceutically ponderous that even the most daring of its would-be propagandists will be covered with confusion in tackling such a feat in pronunciation.

DANIELLE DARRIEUX, who gave such a sympathetic performance in *Mayerling*, is in the title rôle of *Mad Girl*, the new film at the Curzon. This picture is a French farce, made up of several familiar ingredients. Employed as a secretary to a young French business man, played by André Roanne, Danielle Darrieux falls in love with him, but he hesitates to propose to her while she is still in his employ. Having sacked her, he has every intention of asking her to be his wife on the following day. Unfortunately, the girl takes her dismissal so seriously that she throws herself into the Seine, from whose watery embrace she is rescued by Albert Prejean. He takes her on to a party which he is giving in his house, where, stimulated by an excessive supply of alcohol, the girl goes berserk, and the farce runs its course. This is a somewhat erratic one and, though there are some really funny moments, there are times when it is dull. One hopes that Danielle Darrieux will be given something more worth the doing next time.

Leading Articles

ANNUS MIRABILIS

THE age in which we live has an unaccountable love of records. It wants to be assured that the present is in some respect or other unique—that the weather has been finer or wetter than ever before recorded, that more people paid to see a cricket or football match, that more people were killed or injured on the roads, in fact that some record or other preferably numerical has been broken. That is one of the reasons why the English weather is so popular. Such are its caprices that it needs no more than a little juggling with statistics to provide some unparalleled succession of fine or wet days, usually the latter, though two years ago we were all rejoicing in a series of drought records. Our ancestors were less interested in calculating the excess or deficiency in this, that and the other which distinguishes one year from another. Their methods of comparison lacked substance and accuracy; for the hand of science was not yet heavy on the land and people had little time to waste on figures and computations. Written records were rare and memory is a broken reed for the statistician to lean on. So people took things as they came without much reference to the past and rejoiced occasionally and grumbled more often when fate seemed singularly unkind or exceptionally beneficent.

The records that were remembered longest were probably those of vintages. For good wine lives long and its excellence and its year are not forgotten even after it has been drunk. Thus we still know that 150 B.C. and 121 B.C. were record years for Roman wine, particularly the latter: the wines of 121 B.C. made in the consulship of Lucius Opimius, were served to Caligula 160 years after the vintage and were said to be still valuable for blending 32 years later. The Comet Year of 1811 abides as a glorious memory and beside it must be set for German wines the annus mirabilis of 1921. Such records would seem more agreeable to recall than those of pestilence and fire which in 1667 inspired Dryden with his "Annus Mirabilis." "The Wonderful Year"—Evelyn had used the phrase before Dryden in the year of the Restoration—it is a title that every living being can from his own point of view apply to one year or another. In everybody's life there has been at least one golden moment and, since time is merely relative, that instant of ecstasy must for ever rank as an "annus mirabilis."

Putting aside these matters of fantasy which are so remorselessly true, 1936-1937 may well count for the record-lovers among the important dates of history. Dryden had a plague and a fire to celebrate and the miracle of the return of those Stuarts who really knew this country and whom England loved in spite of all their blunders. The Gods who had shot the arrows of plague against our City had given the cruel balm of the Great Fire which gave Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest of all our architects, material for his genius to rebuild London. In this year of grace, there has

been neither pestilence nor fire worthy of the historian, but strange things have happened that seem to those who have lived through them without example. There has been a Coronation and its splendour was not diminished because of an Abdication without parallel, that had preceded it. Edward VIII was very dear to the heart of the nation: his name is still beloved, and his withdrawal for reasons which he alone could judge threw the country into mourning. It was not a question of politics or religion. His people were personally affected as though they had lost someone near and dear to them.

This year has seen the Coronation of his brother on whose head has been poured not only the affection and respect earned by his royal service, but also the popularity which surrounded Edward VIII. Great Britain and the Empire were leagued together in the fervent intention of proving to the world their loyalty to the throne. Coronations—thank God!—are rare events in our history. In the distant days of "Ally Sloper" there used to be a story about the laziest man in England. One claimed that he had won the prize for idleness, since the only work he ever did was selling Hot Cross Buns. The other laughed at his rival's claim. He himself only got busy to sell Coronation programmes and when the tale was written there had not been a Coronation for well over fifty years. It is well that the occasions for national rejoicing should be uncertain and leave the makers of almanacks in doubt. A famous Oxford Don once silenced his Bishop who had complained of the uncertainty of his ministering in one of his livings by an appeal to the past. "My Lord, long ago you and I agreed that spiritual privileges were the more appreciated, the more they were precarious." The phrase expressed a profound truth. There is an excitement in Easter Monday, because no one who has not mastered the mysteries of the Golden Letter, is quite sure when it will take place. The August bank holiday is a fixture and taken for granted. There is a glorious rarity and uncertainty about Coronations and so, since this England must always be a royal throne of kings, a realm, a Coronation will always rank as the highest of English pageantry, as the perfect and complete expression of the national soul.

In these days of decadence, it is rare that a whole people can of its own free will give utterance to its feelings of patriotism. Such demonstrations are meaningless if those who rebel against the common will and whose self-pity implies revolt are not given their opportunity for protest. It is right and proper that they should take their chance of being suppressed by the wrath of public opinion, but it is good that they should speak the truth as they see it without official suppression. Here and there a querulous voice has been raised, but it has been as lonely and untuneful as a pelican of the wilderness, or an owl of the desert.

So perhaps we may be excused if we regard 1937 as an "annus mirabilis" without producing any figures or diagrams to prove that it is without paragon in history. *The Times* provides a certain measurement of our felicity by its announcement

that its list of the principal events and social engagements of this Coronation season filled eight columns. Most of these events now belong as definitely to the past as the Field of the Cloth of Gold or the Ball before Waterloo. They have gone "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two." Yet what they stood for remains.

THE TWELFTH

THERE are sportsmen to whom August 12 means more than any other day sacred to the shooting calendar. And they will tell you the reason of their preference is this: the grouse is the most sporting of all game birds. He doesn't jink like the driven partridge; he doesn't try acrobatics like a rocketing pheasant; he is not like the capercaillie a sort of flying elephant; nor does he stoop to the guile of the blackcock. He depends on the strength of his wings and when he is up goes straight ahead, skimming the heather if there is no wind or the wind is against him or flying high, but still straight, if there is a strong wind behind him.

Is he easy to shoot? Walked up perhaps with well trained dogs he may present sometimes on a warm, stilly day a not very difficult target. Even then he takes some bringing down. But try him in a drive as he sails towards one, in small or big packs, almost, if the weather be still, to the level of one's head as it seems and yet all the time gradually rising. Surprising how often both the right and left fail to register a hit. And if he and his fellows come with the wind behind them, with the speed of something faster than an express train, what a veritable feat of skill it is to pick out one's birds in time and send them hurtling to earth!

Thirty or forty years ago there was many an old keeper on the Scottish moors who evinced a strong dislike of driving grouse. He had visions of "browning" and was convinced that the killing off of the old birds who invariably lead would inevitably result in the thinning of his own preserves. He was also afraid for the safety of the old Grey Hens, so easy to mistake, for all their different style of flying, for grouse. Kill off the old Grey Hens and their families would soon migrate elsewhere, he argued. Yet all these apprehensions have long proved to be futile. Driving by eliminating the older birds has, in many cases, been the making of some of the old moors which, from a shooting point of view, were practically worthless. The old Grey Hen (even after the 20th when the blackgame season begins) may escape because of the sportsman's mistaken chivalry or his host's request, but the blackgame will undoubtedly suffer by her sparing, where she and her kind are very numerous.

Because, however, driving has been of inestimable benefit to the moors, let no attempt be made to decry the pleasures of "walking up." Once one has acquired the "heather step" what fine exercise it is. Even if the game be scanty or rather wild or the weather of the type they call in Scotland misty, how bracing it is, this steady tramp across the moors, how self-righteous one

feels as one returns to the gun-room over the miles one has walked, breathing air that is like champagne. And then what joy to watch, say, a couple of well-trained setters or pointers working. A sea of apparently uninhabited heather suddenly is shown by the sitting or pointing dog to be tenanted. Is it one or more grouse or a solitary Grey Hen or a young family of blackgame? Not an old Blackcock, for he is far too wily to be caught napping. The suspense and excitement and then a sudden whirr of wings. The bag at the end of the day may not be large. But what of that? One has had plenty of excitement and there are other days ahead, with other moments of triumph and other occasions when one can profit by one's mistakes and not be in too great a hurry to press the trigger.

Not for every sportsman, even if he had the opportunity, those big shoots where the bags for a few days in August run up to several hundreds of brace *per diem*. Not that anyone would deny that this terrific slaughter means that those who take part in it and add their due share to it have often exceptional skill in the speedy and effective handling of the guns passed to them in quick succession by their loaders when the birds are coming thick and fast. But there is many an old and for that young sportsman who prefers spreading out his enjoyment over several weeks, who takes pride in his killing of birds neatly and painlessly and shrinks from what he regards as wholesale slaughter—even if the results go to the poulterer and help to reduce the expenses of hiring or maintaining his moorland shoot. And even where the daily bag runs to no more than thirty or forty brace, or even under, there is no lack of excitement or pleasant associations.

"Go back, go back," cries the grouse to the invader of his moor. But he probably prefers the gun to the hawk, and in any case he is a very gallant fellow, for whom, if he is fated to die on the twelfth or succeeding days, one can only wish that he shall come by his end at the hands of one who kills rather than fatally maims his birds.

GARDENING

"DON'T you think my idea a novel one, Mr. Cribbage; what is the use of having a garden in London if you don't use it?" It was Mrs. Sylvester James talking, while Mr. Cribbage looked disdainfully round the thirty feet by ten which did duty for a garden.

As his eyes wandered from the desolate narrow beds where a few bedraggled lilies held up their shamed heads, he sighed.

"And what you want me to do is to dig up some of this," he said. Mrs. Sylvester James nodded.

"I have bought a spade, a fork and a gardening hat from Harrods."

"A gardening hat!"

"That's for me; the spade and the fork are for you; I'm sure a little exercise will do you no harm."

"How can you be sure? I knew a man once who died of a stroke trying to reach a bottle from a

shelf. He was not accustomed to the exercise, because the bottle was generally on the table."

"You're exaggerating, Mr. Cribbage."

"In a good cause. If I'd known that your invitation to tea—by the way, why tea?"

"I'm economising." Mr. Cribbage looked at the hat she was wearing which he identified as possibly sold "for garden wear," judged its price and pursed his lips.

"Anyway," he went on, "I shouldn't have come. When I do a thing I like to do it properly and my new powder-blue suit was not cut to dig about in." Mrs. Sylvester James regarded her face in her pocket mirror and, after making a few minor alterations in the shape of her lips, adjusted her hat at a more rakish angle.

"Don't be tiresome," she said. "After all it wasn't as if you were going to do all the work. I'll go and tell Elizabeth to serve tea out here, and I'll bring a couple of chairs out."

"You'll overtire yourself," Mr. Cribbage said as she turned back into the house.

Alone, his spirit was at first in revolt, but as he looked at the spade and the fork an idea struck him. So good did it seem that he went to work with a will which surprised himself. His exertions were watched by half a dozen cats who, seated on the walls on either side, dangled their tails and washed their faces.

Mrs. Sylvester James, who had no sooner entered the house than she took up the telephone, spent three-quarters of an hour at that unpleasant pastime and, having made and remade her engagements for the evening according as each new invitation held out greater or less promise, arrived back quite exhausted, and without the chairs, to find Mr. Cribbage eating a piece of bread and cheese out of his handkerchief and drinking beer out of a jug.

"I've turned labourer," he explained.

"Where did you get the beer from?" she asked severely.

"Same place as the cheese. Your cook's a very nice woman." Mrs. Sylvester James said nothing, but made a resolve, which she knew she would not carry out, to speak to the cook. She left Mr. Cribbage who was sitting on the top of the spade and made a tour of the plot.

"I must say you have turned it up very well," she conceded.

"That's what the cats thought," Mr. Cribbage replied. "The ginger one, who is in the place of honour on the right of the line, saluted me when I'd finished and told me what a lot of trouble I'd saved it." Mrs. Sylvester James looked thoughtful.

"Now that the beds are all prepared," she said, "the question is what to plant in them. How do you think orchids would do?"

"Splendidly and so would peaches, they both thrive on soot."

"You aren't being sarcastic by any chance? That is one of Sylvester's faults."

"Your husband's failings don't interest me." Mrs. Sylvester James nodded her approval.

"Only the country takes any real notice of him," she said, "that's why it's in such a mess. However, we needn't worry our heads about that, need we?" she continued more cheerfully. "The question is what to plant and what not to plant." Mr. Cribbage put the jug of beer to his mouth and his eyes watched the liquid leave the bottom clean. Throwing the last crust of bread at one of the cats he shook the crumbs from his handkerchief and then taking Mrs. Sylvester James by the arm he led her towards the steps which led into the house.

"You needn't worry your head over what to plant," he said.

"But I do, unless—you didn't bring your barrow of plants with you, did you?" Standing on the top of the steps Mr. Cribbage turned her round and commanded her to look at the vista before her.

"Doesn't anything strike you?" he asked. Mrs. Sylvester James wrinkled her fascinating brown eyes and laid a small finger along her small nose.

"No," she said. "Yes," she went on almost in the same breath, "what's happened to all the little stones?" Mr. Cribbage put out his chest.

"That's just it," he answered. "You'd expect to see a lot of unsightly piles, wouldn't you?" His companion agreed. "And you don't, because I've planted them."

"Planted them!"

"And in a couple of week's time they will all come up again—that is if there is any decent rain—and they will have grown into boulders. What can be fairer than that?" Mrs. Sylvester James was speechless.

"You see," Mr. Cribbage explained, "I've studied back gardens in London, and there's only one thing which comes up in them and that's the stones." The corners of his companion's delightful mouth curved.

"I don't know what to make of you, Mr. Cribbage," she said.

"Don't ruin me, that's all," he answered her earnestly. "What are you doing to-night?"

"So many things I've forgotten what comes first. Sylvester is addressing a meeting."

"Perhaps you'll take pity on me."

"Why should I?"

"Because my mouth is full of soot after eating bread and cheese in your garden. It may be good for the teeth, but it plays hell with the liver."

"I couldn't possibly; I've just arranged all sorts of things."

"Telephone them." Mrs. Sylvester James sat down once again to the instrument.

"You know," she said, as she dialled the first number, "I've had a very busy afternoon, and I haven't had any tea yet."

"I'll ring and order it for you," Mr. Cribbage volunteered. "You'll need fortifying—I'm going to tell you about my mother."

"Have we progressed as far as that?" She got her number. "Hullo darling. I'm so sorry; perfectly stupid of me to have forgotten but I am already dining. Yes, with a man, he's going to tell me all about his mother. I know, I'll be very careful."

PETER TRAILL.

Books of The Day

HOLIDAY READING

THE holiday season has begun, and this is one of the occasions when reviewers are expected for the benefit of readers to pick out a selection of specially meritorious books from the output of the previous six months. It is wellnigh an impossible task to make a selection that will meet everyone's tastes, and to attempt such a task would be merely to string out a list of books over far more columns of space than any weekly paper can afford. One must be content, therefore, with a modest list likely to satisfy the requirements of the average reader and capable of being added to at his own discretion; and since holidays are pre-eminently the time for light reading, novels, biographies and autobiographies are obviously the kind of books that at once suggest themselves for preference over all others.

The outstanding book of the year is unquestionably Professor G. M. Trevelyan's "Grey of Fallodon" (Longmans). Those who have not yet read it could not do better than include its reading among their principal holiday pleasures. Another fine biography is Captain Armstrong's study of General Smuts, entitled "Grey Steel" (Barker), a piquantly candid portrait of perhaps the most remarkable figure in Imperial politics to-day. Yet a third biography that should not be missed is that strangely fascinating, if rugged, epic story of a Nebraska pioneer—"Old Jules," by Mari Sandoz (Chapman & Hall). Among the more interesting autobiographies and memoirs published in the last six months may be mentioned Mr. Priestley's "Midnight on the Desert" (Heinemann); Mr. Noel Coward's "Present Indicative" (Heinemann); "Swinerton," by Mr. Frank Swinerton (Hutchinson); "Something of Myself," Rudyard Kipling's posthumous work (Macmillan); and that exquisite thing of beauty, "The Crystal Cabinet," by Mary Butts (Methuen). Historical biographies this year have been exceedingly numerous, and the best of them are: Professor James Sutherland's "Defoe" and Miss Marguerite Steen's "The Lost One" (Perdita Robinson), both from Methuen; "Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," by Nesta H. Webster (Constable); "The Pompadour," by Margaret Trouncer (Faber & Faber); "Biography of a Family" (Catherine de Medici and her children), by Milton Waldman (Longmans); "Jonathan Swift," by Bertram Newman (Allen & Unwin); "Florence Nightingale," by Margaret Goldsmith (Hodder & Stoughton); and "Elizabeth Fry," by Janet Whitney (Harrap).

When it comes to the novels there is, of course, a tremendous embarrassment of choice, but the following certainly may be said to represent the best of the past six months' harvest:—

"Three Comrades," by Erich Maria Remarque (Hutchinson's); "The Marsh," by Ernest Raymond (Cassell); "The Outward Room," by Milton Brand (Cassell); "Sunset at Noon," by Ruth Feiner (Harrap); "Those Foolish Things," by Michael Sadleir (Constable); "Is a Ship Burning?" by Richard Sale (Cassell); "Victoria Four-Thirty," by Cecil Roberts (Hodder &

Stoughton); "The Sisters," by Myron Brinig (Cobden Sanderson); "The Wind from the Mountain," by Trygve Gulbransen (Thornton Butterworth); "Highland River," by Neil M. Gunn (Porpoise Press, Edinburgh); "Brief Flower of Youth," by Graham Heath (Longmans); "Pelican Inn," by Hilda Lewis (Jarrolds).

"Brother," by Karlton Kelm (Harrap); "Gael Over Glasgow," by Edward Shiels (Sheed & Ward); "They Crossed the Reef," by W. Townend (Chapman & Hall); "At Last the Island," by Margaret Lane (Heinemann); "The Long Night," by Andrew Lyte (Eyre & Spottiswoode); "Decline and Fall of a British Matron," by Mary Mitchell (Heinemann); "Anna," by Boris Zeitsev (Allen & Unwin); and "The World Strides On," by Michael Földi (Melrose).

CRIME FICTION

"Double Cross Purposes," by Father Ronald Knox (Hodder & Stoughton); "Murder in Hospital," by Josephine Bell (Longmans); "Dancers in Mourning," by Margery Allingham (Heinemann); "The Fifth Tumbler," by Clyde B. Clason, and "Murder of a Matriarch," by Hugh Austin (both from Heinemann).

"The Wrong House," by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Methuen); "Last Trump," by Lee Thayer (Hurst & Blackett); "Case Without a Corpse," by Leo Bruce (Geoffrey Bles); "Who Killed Robert Prentice?" by Denis Wheatley and J. G. Links (Hutchinson) and "The Case of the Rusted Room," by John Donavan (Robt. Hale).

Supplementary to the above may be taken some of the latest novels reviewed in another column.

TRAVELLER'S GOOD COMPANION

Holiday means travel by train, car or on foot for the majority of us, and for those journeying to the South of England, East Anglia or the East Midlands no better or more useful companion in the way of delightfully informative guide-book could be found than the two volumes already published of "The National Road Book," by Mr. R. T. Lang (Methuen, each with illustrations and a folding map, 15s.). The second volume deals with all that part of England which lies between the Humber and the Bath Road, east of the main road from Goole, through Doncaster, Worksop, Chesterfield, Matlock, Derby, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Nuneaton, Coventry, Banbury and Oxford to Newbury. Within this area Mr. Lang describes some 284 routes, each of which is headed by the numbers of the roads to be used. On the left-hand side of each page are three columns giving the distances and the names of towns, villages and other landmarks, while on the right is a brief description of the route, the turns to be taken and the places of interest to be noted.

The author has an extraordinary faculty of compressing into small space an enormous amount of both instructive and curious information. Thus we are told that Barking "was one of the earliest settlements of prehistoric man. . . . Its oldest honour probably is to have sent the first woman to Parliament, for the Abbess of Barking had a seat in the Saxon Witenagemot"; that in the Warwickshire village of Caldecote, now boasting a hall for inebriates, "the hansom cab was invented," J. A. Hansom keeping his experimental cab there and trying it out along the Watling Street; that Great Bradley in Suffolk has one of the oldest bells in England; and that East Wretham has the distinction of having had in 1418 a Parson who "robbed and spoiled many" and was eventually brought to justice.

A HEROIC PRIEST

Leprosy is the most terrible of all man's diseases not only because it is still incurable and entails great suffering for its victims, but also because of the universal horror it excites, a horror that down the centuries has made the leper a social outcast and outlaw. For any man or woman to take up work in a leper colony, as doctor, nurse or priest, requires courage and devotion of no mean order and of really heroic quality where, as in the case of Father Damien's mission to the notorious Kalawai settlement on the island of Molokai, it is a matter of permanent exile, with, for a long time, no companionship but that of lepers, no house to live in, no proper arrangements for the care of those too ill to look after themselves and not even regular supplies of the kind of food required by a leper colony.

For fifteen years Damien laboured among these lepers, fighting with authority to secure for them the barest necessities in food, medicine and clothing, laying down water pipes, building huts and attending zealously to his flock's spiritual needs. He must have known when he first landed on Molokai that in the conditions prevailing he had little chance of escaping the dread disease, and towards the end, having apparently from the very start neglected all precautions, he did contract it. His manner of announcing the fact to his flock was characteristic. "Instead of addressing them," says his biographer, Mr. John Villiers Farrow ("Damien the Leper," Burns, Oates & Washbourne, illustrated, 7s. 6d.), "with the usual *My Brethren*, he said slowly and significantly—'We Lepers.'" Belgium last year paid a national tribute to his heroism by having his remains brought to Europe and conveyed to the Cathedral at Antwerp with military honours.

Greatness of spirit in this peasant priest was allied with many minor faults, such as obstinacy and impatience with authority, and Mr. Farrow makes no attempt to hide these and other failings. His object is to present the man and the priest as he really was, and in this he is most successful. No biography of Damien would be complete without Stevenson's famous scarring letter addressed to the Anglican parson, Dr. Hyde, who had endeavoured to discount what he called "the extravagant laudations" of "a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted"; and Mr. Farrow has been well-advised to reproduce the correspondence in full.

THREE BALTIC REPUBLICS

England has had a long connection of trade with the Baltic, and this provoked Napoleon on one occasion to speak rather contemptuously of Riga as a "suburb of London." To-day, however, it may be doubted whether the average Englishman's associations with Riga go very much beyond the old limerick of the lady and the tiger. The three Baltic Republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania all owe their independence to the Great War, and in their scenery and culture, in their modernity and antiquity they have abundance of attractions to offer the visitor. Miss E. C. Davies paints a charming series of word pictures about them all in

her book, "A Wayfarer in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). She has the artist's eye for both colour and landscape and the gift for conveying what she enjoys to her readers. And her vivid descriptions of places like Tallinn and Narva in Estonia or of the new Lithuanian capital, Kaunas, or of Lithuanian and Latvian country scenes may well tempt other Britons to follow in her footsteps. Lithuania, with "the deep blue green" of its forests, with "the exquisite clarity" of its country air, and its art-loving inhabitants, seems to have won a special corner in her heart, and one loves the story she has to tell of how the State Art School came to be founded, when the State's finances were very low, through an old man reminding the assembly of Mahomet's parable of the two loaves.

NEW NOVELS

The author of "Windyridge," Mr. W. Riley, gives us a new tale of Yorkshire in "The Sixpenny Man" (Herbert Jenkins), with a new and lovable hero of the kind both he and his readers delight in. The tale is concerned with the occupiers of stalls in a Market Hall, their animosities towards one another, their private griefs and sorrows and their general inability to find any joy in life. A complete transformation is effected in this unpleasantly unrestful scene by the appearance on it of the jovial seller of sixpenny books. When "the sixpenny man" has succeeded in establishing peace and contentment all round, Mr. Riley rather unkindly kills him off. This is perhaps the only

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point where his many readers will be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Riley. There is, however, one unfortunate printer's error: the names Armstrong and Armitage are conferred on one and the same character, the former in the opening chapters and the latter throughout the remainder of the book.

Mr. Peter Chamberlain sets out to effect another transformation but of a very different kind in his "Sing Holiday" (Barker). This is in enlarging and broadening the character and outlook of his elderly hero by transporting him to the Isle of Man and mixing him in the company of a hilarious and somewhat irresponsible motor-racing crowd. How far the picture presented of this Manx Grand Prix gathering is true to life, one cannot say, but one imagines it is more than a bit exaggerated. However, it is an amusing tale, well suited for the agreeable spending of an idle hour or two.

Miss N. S. Leitch will probably puzzle many who take up and read her book "Interval Before Birth" (Heinemann) as to the precise meaning to be attached to its title. An intriguing title has certainly its publicity value. And whatever the significance of this particular title may be, those who are attracted by it to read the book will find reason to rejoice that they succumbed to the lure of a puzzle. The story is about a peninsula on the southern coast of France and the effect on simple villagers of the invasion of a household of three from the rich world beyond their ken and understanding. Miss Leitch provides a large cast of characters and on the whole portrays and handles them adroitly, from her peasant men and women and her tinker Lothario to the highly amorous lady of the manor. If there is a fault in the book it is that the very size of her cast rather interferes with the run of the story.

Mr. H. S. Hoff likes to bring his own name into his stories and he does so once more in the third book of his trilogy, called "Lisa" (Heinemann). The previous books were "Trina" and "Rhea" and both the ladies with these names reappear in "Lisa" with yet a fourth "Caroline" who seems destined in the end to carry off the prize, in the person of this constantly love-stricken tennis-racquet salesman, in whom the plot of all three books centre. Like its predecessors, "Lisa" is a witty, entertaining tale, with dialogue light and "bubbly" as champagne.

"Buckskin Breeches," by Phil Stong (Arthur Barker) is a finely written entertaining tale of the American covered wagon pioneers order. It should not be the least of this author's many successes. There is humour in it and plenty of incident and the characterisation is uniformly good.

The stark realism with which Mr. Edward Anderson depicts the mentality of his three criminals and their methods of robbing American country banks and the pathos which he excites over the romance of the least depraved of the three—a man who is anxious to give up crime but cannot desert his comrades—gives its gripping quality to desert his comrades—gives its gripping quality to his gangster story, "Thieves Like Us"

In his "Sue Verney" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson), Mr. Jack Lindsay has written yet another

historical novel, this time choosing the period of Charles I and the Civil War. As ever, Mr. Lindsay shows his familiarity with the period with which he is dealing; he is very careful in getting the detail of his historical setting of country and town life correct. He is not, however, quite so successful with his characters, and though the story has undoubted merits, particularly from the point of view of historical reconstruction, it cannot be said to represent Mr. Lindsay at his best.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau describes his Byronic satire "More Of Us" ("Being the present-day adventures of 'One Of Us,'" Hutchinson, 6s.) as "a novel in verse." The adventures of his modern Don Juan are naturally amorous and they are set forth in verse that is bright and amusing and often highly ingenious in the extraordinary virtuosity of its rhyming. To enjoy this "novel" thoroughly, perhaps one should read it in instalments and not in one sitting. Otherwise its very cleverness may prove to be too satiating for the reader's palate.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

"The Development of Dominion Status, 1900-1936," edited by Robert MacGregor Dawson (Milford, 21s.).

"The Twilight of American Capitalism," by A. S. J. Baster (P. S. King, 9s.).

"Modern Painting in England," by Mary Chamot (*Country Life*, 10s. 6d.).

"The Peat-Fire Flame," by Alastair Alpin MacGregor (Moray Press, 12s. 6d.).

"Companion into Dorset," by Dorothy Gardiner (Methuen, 7s. 6d.).

"The Harrow School Register, 1845-1937," Fifth Edition, edited by J. H. Stogdon (Longmans, two vols., 15s. 6d. each).

"The Spanish Cockpit," by Franz Borkenau (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.).

"The Defence of the Empire," by Norman Angell (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.).

PUBLISHERS' PLANS

Next month the Oxford University Press will publish a volume of hitherto unpublished "Letters from William Cobbett to Edward Thornton." These letters were written when Cobbett was still in the United States and they cover the years 1798 to 1800. The letters have been edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. G. D. H. Cole who was the author of a biography of Cobbett published some twelve years ago.

In the early autumn the Cambridge University Press intend to bring out a book by Professor Bernadotte E. Schmitt, of the Chicago University, on "The Annexation of Bosnia 1908-1909." The author has in this book availed himself of all the diplomatic documents on the subject published since the war, including certain documents issued privately by Russian and Serbian diplomats.

In commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the foundation of Australia, the Golden Cockerel Press will shortly publish, in a limited edition, a selection of original documents entitled "The First Fleet."

Round the Empire

THE WAZIRISTAN CAMPAIGN

A STATEMENT issued from Simla on July 9 estimated that the Frontier operations in Waziristan, which had been in progress since November had cost roughly a lakh of rupees (or some £7,000) daily. The casualties to that date among British and Indian troops were 163 killed and 440 seriously wounded, while on the enemy's side 720 were known to have been killed and 660 wounded. Peace, the statement went on to say, came in sight when in June the Tori Khel made their submission, and since then the only acts of hostility committed by tribesmen had been sporadic sniping. These incidents were not expected to stop completely until the autumn, when the disturbances will have lasted nearly a year. By then, the annual migration of tribesmen from colder country would have started towards more settled regions round about Bannu in search of grazing and of a market both for their labour and for the wood cut by them in the more inaccessible north. It was expected that the Government of India in a short time would be in a position to announce their final terms to an open *jirga*, and, as the terms would be the result of prior exploratory consultation with responsible sections of the tribesmen, no difficulty was anticipated either in their acceptance by the tribesmen as a whole or in their imposition on them in the event of any opposition from irreconcilables. It might be necessary to continue to maintain some part of the troops on the Frontier in order to ensure compliance with the Government's terms, but every effort would be made to withdraw the rest of the troops as quickly as possible after the settlement.

It appears also from the statement that the two great disturbers of frontier peace, the Faqir of Ipi and Sher Ali, had been more or less completely isolated. With about 20 staunch followers only, the Faqir was in some inaccessible spot on the borders of the Bhattani and Mahsud countries, but kept moving about so as to minimise the chances of capture. As far as Sher Ali is concerned, the Mahsuds, among whom he remained, were expected to be induced to get rid of him.

NEW ZEALAND LOOKS AHEAD

An aspect of the British Government's policy which was bound to affect New Zealand was the increase in British primary production, said Mr. A. E. Dobson, president of the Temuka branch of the New Zealand Farmers' Union, at the annual meeting of the branch. "This increase in primary production must eventually affect New Zealand's export market, and for that reason fresh markets will have to be found," he said. "To-day mutton and wool are fetching high prices—such prices as would lead one to believe that there was an acute shortage of these commodities. Actually that is not so. The prices are high because Britain is re-arming. No matter how many aeroplanes and

guns she may have when her programme is completed, Britain must realise that armament is no protection against a food shortage. A food shortage is the deciding factor in war. That is one of the reasons why Britain is encouraging primary production."

COMMONWEALTH AND STATES

Undue and unreasonable provincialism is the not infrequently heard cry of the central authority under a federal constitution. The Australian constitution provided machinery designed to check such an evil should it become apparent and also to render smoother the relations between the Commonwealth and the States and between the States themselves. Section 101 of the Commonwealth Act laid down that "there shall be an Inter-State Commission, with such powers of adjudication and administration as the Parliament deems necessary for the execution and maintenance, within the Commonwealth, of the provisions of this Constitution relating to trade and commerce, and of all laws made thereunder." There is also the expedient tried recently by the Lyons Government in regard to the control of marketing and air navigation—that of the referendum which in this case resulted in revealing what Mr. Lyons called "an amazing anti-Federal spirit." Probably it will be long before Mr. Lyons tries that expedient again. But the Inter-State Commission method is always available, and a Bill to set it up was recently introduced in the Commonwealth Parliament to the accompaniment of a complaint by the Leader of

THE NATIONAL Review

Incorporating the English Review

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The English Review

By ***

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The Gull's Way

Sport

A Rain Guide for the British Islands

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Books New and Old :

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the Opposition, Mr. Curtin, that it was unfortunate that a Commission that had been promised by Mr. Lyons as long ago as 1934 should have been delayed "until Parliament was moribund and the Government on the eve of its political demise."

The Sydney *Bulletin*, in commenting upon the introduction of the measure for the appointment of the Commission, pointed out that the last Commission appointed in 1913 proved an utter failure because of a High Court ruling that the Commission had not been invested with judicial powers and had therefore no right to exercise them. Clothed with the powers which the framers of the Commonwealth intended the Inter-State Commission to possess, such a Commission might prove very useful. But "the Constitution remains weak where it should be strong. Without root-and-branch amendment and legislation framed in the same spirit, a new Commission could do nothing more than the one whose hands were palsied by the High Court judgment. The only part of the Constitution that would become fully operative with respect to it would be the part (Section 102) which says that members of the Inter-State Commission shall be appointed by the Governor-General-in-Council, shall hold office for seven years, and shall receive during their continuance in office the salaries fixed at their appointment. The people showed at the marketing referendum that they were sick of being governed by boards and commissions. There are abundant indications that they are equally sick of the politicians' habit

of referring to commissions questions which those politicians are paid to tackle and duties which they are paid to discharge."

UNION AIRWAY PLANS

The establishment of a great trans-continental air service that will carry South African mails and passengers all the way from the Cape to the mouth of the Congo River on the west coast of Africa, then 2,000 miles inland to Kenya, and finally down the "all red" air route back to Cape Town, is, according to the South African papers, being planned by South African Airways. Provided the machines are available and there is no hitch in the plans, this regular service should be in operation early next year. The route it is proposed to follow will encircle the whole of the sub-continent in a service which will cover nearly 7,000 miles from Johannesburg, and which will bring Equatorial Africa to within two days' flying of the Rand. Under this scheme South African machines will be seen flying over the following territories in Africa which fall under ten different administrations: Bechuanaland, South-West Africa, Angola, the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and, of course, the Union of South Africa.

Part of this route is already being operated by South African Airways. That is the section between the Cape and Kisumu on Lake Victoria, a stretch of over 3,000 miles. Mr. O. Pirow (Minister of Defence and Airways) himself proposes to survey the route to be flown by South African planes as a regular service, and it was expected he would start on his survey flight next week. Owing to the recent crashing of the new Junkers machine on its way to South Africa, Mr. Pirow may have to use a military plane. He will be accompanied by Colonel J. Holthouse (manager of South African Airways). An engineer and a wireless officer will supplement the crew on the flight.

A study of a detailed map of Africa will show how closely the proposed air service will link the Union with the whole of Southern, Central and Equatorial Africa. Much of the northern section of this route in the Belgian Congo is at present operated by regular French and Belgian air lines which come down the west coast of Africa and then fly inland over the Congo River.

CONDITIONS IN S.W.A.

Some little time ago the Administrator of South-West Africa, under the powers vested in him by the Union Government's proclamation of April 2, declared non-naturalised Germans no longer lawful members of the Deutsche Bund, the German political organisation in the Territory. The whole German political life there has accordingly been reorganised. The naturalised Germans have formed the Deutsche Sudwestbund, which engages itself to respect the laws of South-West Africa, and its members' obligations as naturalised British subjects and will attempt by every legitimate means to maintain and promote the interests of the German language and culture. "At its face value,

"I Wish . . ."

I wish I could go to the seaside. I wish I could get out of these dirty streets. I wish, for a little while, that I had enough to eat, a nice bed to sleep in, sands to play on, and the sea to paddle in. I wish . . ."



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CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

this party," says the *Cape Times*, "seems harmless enough; indeed, its aims are highly desirable. South Africans, who have learned from long and bloodstained experience that legitimate claims of national culture and language deserve tolerance, are the last people to deny these Germans the free use of their language and full enjoyment of their ways of life and thought. If the new bund abides loyally by the programme of principles published it will (after the suspicion aroused by the recent past has evaporated) have the support in its efforts of the English and Afrikaans sections in the Territory, and will thus be able fully to carry out its duties to the German section, which it represents. The test will be whether the new bund can live up to its published principles. The Nazis had made themselves extremely powerful among the Territory's German population before the Union was forced to discipline them, and may try to gain surreptitious control of the new organisation. There was an ominous message from Germany, shortly after the anti-Nazi proclamation was issued, to the effect that several hundred young Germans, at home in Germany from South-West Africa, had been organised into a 'corporation of patriots' to provide for a 'German people's community in South-West Africa.' These youths are apparently being trained in the most violent form of Nazism, and it is hard to believe that when they return to the Territory they will be content to have the older and more responsible naturalised section of their people in undisturbed charge of German affairs there."

A FLYING JUDGE

South-West Africa boasts perhaps the only flying Judge in the Empire. This is Mr. Justice van den Heever, who, on his return from a visit to England, took delivery of a new two-seater cabin monoplane—a De Haviland Hornet Moth.

For the last two years the "Flying Judge" has been travelling over his territory—the whole of South-West Africa—in an open-cockpit Gipsy Moth. He used it for Circuit Court work and also for pleasure, though, as he confided to an interviewer at Cape Town, "travelling in an open machine is rather trying." With his new purchase, which is fitted like a modern two-seater car, he will be able to fly in comfort across the vast stretches of South-West Africa.

"I am the only judge in the country," he said, "and the distances are enormous. From Windhoek to Luderitz the train journey takes a day and a night—an unpleasant trip across the sand. By plane, I get there in three hours. To Grootfontein, in the north, it is two days by train, and less than three hours by air." Mr. Justice van den Heever explained that without a plane he would never be able to have an occasional vacation. Being the only judge in the country, he has to be always available. He sometimes flew to Ovamboland, to visit the district officer there, who had a wireless set. If his services were wanted during his holiday he could then be called by radio and would fly back in a few hours. Sometimes he also visited Portuguese friends over the border. Such freedom of movement would be impossible in a country like South-West Africa without a plane. He admitted

that South-West Africa was a difficult country to fly over. First, there was the altitude, and then the air was particularly turbulent. "I have been suddenly taken up 3,000 feet on some up-current and also dropped half that distance," he said.

Mr. Justice van den Heever's wife is also a qualified pilot. Their new plane, which is fitted with a 130 h.p. Gipsy Major engine, cruises at 105 miles an hour. Behind the side-by-side seats there is room for three large suitcases. Luggage can also be stored behind the dashboard and under the seats.

CANADA'S "INSIDE PASSAGE"

One of the most interesting steamer routes in the world is Canada's "Inside Passage." World travellers declare it to be the finest in the world. It runs for about a thousand miles along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. A great system of islands, the exposed summits of the insular mountain range paralleling the coast, gives shelter from the main ocean. Except for a few comparatively short exposed sections, the "inside passage" is as land-locked as a canal.

With snow-capped mountains rising from the water's edge on either hand, with its windings and "narrows" and labyrinths of islands, this ocean land, marked out by lighthouses and beacons and buoys, might easily be mistaken for a large river. Vancouver is its main bulwark, and more northerly are the Queen Charlotte group of islands. Off the Alaskan coast is a veritable interlocking of detached mountains; and reinforcing these, nearly all the way, are hundreds of lesser islands of every description. A trip along the "Inside Passage" and through the great mountain National Parks of Canada in Alberta and British Columbia affords one of the greatest combinations of ocean and mountain scenery to be found anywhere in the world.

POPULATION ESTIMATOR

Upon the wall in the entrance hall of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, is a curious little instrument which records the estimated population of Canada every three or four minutes. Coloured lights indicate the progress made from hour to hour in building up the population. They turn off and on automatically, and as they appear and disappear the totals accumulate.

The most joyous light is orange in colour, for when it flicks on it indicates that a child has been born. On an average there are 645 babies born in Canada every day, one every two minutes and fourteen seconds. Alongside the orange bulb is a red light which shows that a death has taken place. The average death-rate in the Dominion is 288 each day, or one every five minutes. When the green light shows up it means that an immigrant, in all likelihood full of hope and confidence, has arrived to put up a brave battle for success in the new land. There are 124 of them every day on the average at this time, but there are 66 persons who leave the country daily, as shown by the yellow light. By addition and subtraction, the estimated increase or decrease in population can be arrived at.

At present there is an estimated increase of one person every three minutes and twenty-eight seconds, which is shown by a white light. At the census taken in 1931 the population of Canada was 10,376,786, and the estimated increase since then is about 853,000.

THE TRUMPETER SWAN

The Trumpeter Swan, the largest waterfowl in North America, is being rigidly protected by Canada. At one time this magnificent bird was common from the Pacific Coast to the Middle West, but now it has disappeared from all except the most westerly part of its former range, having been hunted in the early days for its plumage, which provided the valuable swansdown of commerce. Most of the Trumpeter Swans now in existence are found in British Columbia, both winter and summer, spending the winter months on northern rivers whose isolation offers sanctuary and where stretches of open water provide food.

In some severe winters, however, the feeding grounds are frozen over and the swans suffer severely. In order to prevent the starvation of the birds, the Canadian Government therefore supplies them with barley or other grain, which must sometimes be transported for nearly a hundred miles.

DEFENCE AGAINST INSECTS

Canada is to build a well-organised defence and information service. Collapsible boxes and report forms will constitute the "first line" of defence—for the "enemy" are insects.

Lumber companies, pulp and paper mills, forest services and Provincial Governments will help the Division of Forest Insects and the Dominion Department of Agriculture to make collections of insect pests and to note outbreaks in forest areas. For this purpose the country has been divided into five regions with an established Entomological Laboratory in each. The laboratories will act as clearing houses for reports and insect material collected in the particular territory they serve. By this system it is hoped that it will be possible to ascertain not only the distribution of insect species, but their relative importance and their fluctuations in numbers. The personnel of the service will be supplied with collapsible boxes, together with report forms and other instructions, while to promote complete efficiency a series of lectures will be given at various centres by trained Government entomologists.

At the present moment there are two major insect outbreaks. The European spruce sawfly is working havoc in the extensive white and black spruce forests of the Gaspé Peninsula and carrying on a small campaign in New Brunswick, Northern Ontario and Nova Scotia as well, while the spruce budworm has launched an attack on the jack pine in Manitoba, Northern Saskatchewan and in part of Ontario. Unfortunately the two outbreaks were only discovered after a tremendous amount of damage had been done, but the new service will prevent such damage in the future. It is even hoped that when the insect survey service is in full operation Dominion insect pests will slowly vanish.

SEAL SALES

Canada is not likely to send so many seal skins to England this year. The storms of last winter have prevented seals from landing on the Pribilof Islands as freely as they have done. Sealing on these Islands in the Bering Sea is only carried out by the United States, but under the Pelagic Sealing Treaty 15 per cent. of the catches are handed to Canada. Due to this treaty, the seal herds frequenting the Islands have been steadily increasing, but last year the weather took a hand and the U.S.A. Bureau of Fisheries had to explain to Canada that the smaller catch was not due to the slackness of her sealers but to the weather. The skins handed to the Dominion Government are usually sold in England, and those disposed of last year realised some £20,700. In addition to sharing in the Pribilof Islands sealing, Canada is also entitled, under another Agreement with Japan, to 10 per cent. of the pelts taken on certain Asiatic rookeries which are under the control of the latter country. In this case the Dominion does not receive skins, but is paid 10 per cent. of the proceeds of the sales. The number of seals caught by Japan is usually much smaller than the number caught on the Bering Sea Islands.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

A film is to be made in Southern Rhodesia for educational use in the United Kingdom. The Victoria Falls and other scenic beauties of the colony, nature life and customs, the Zambesi river and wild life will all be pictured. The work is to be carried out by Mr. J. Blake Dalrymple and Mr. J. Stirling Gillespie, who have already taken films in South Africa and who will, after Southern Rhodesia has been "taken," visit East Africa.

The films are to be distributed in this country by a non-profit making concern working in conjunction with the British Film Institute.

The Southern Rhodesia State Lottery Trustees have set aside £10,000 for the purpose of building and equipping a home for nervous disorders. They are prepared to guarantee the deficit if it is necessary on the annual working of the home for a period of five years from its completion up to a sum of £5,000. Hospitals throughout the Colony have benefited considerably from the Lotteries established by the Government.

The production of Turkish tobacco in Southern Rhodesia is expected to reach the million lbs. mark this year. For thirty years Turkish tobacco has been grown with success in the Colony, Greek and Turkish advisers having been sent to the Colony to instruct planters how to grow, cure, grade, pack and mature the leaf, and to-day it is being sold in England, Canada, the United States, South America, the Union of South Africa and East and West Africa.

Official figures of the Southern Rhodesian mineral output for June last have just been issued.

Gold amounted to 66,330 ozs. (valued at £7 0s. 4½d. an oz. or £465,623 in all). Coal raised amounted to 102,836 tons; chromite totalled 25,687 tons; tin, 14 tons; asbestos, 4,749 tons; silver, which is sometimes found in an unwelcome

alloy in certain gold mines, 11,797 ozs.; tungsten, 16 tons; antimony, 101 tons; and mica, 1,607 lbs.

The number of mines that produced gold in Southern Rhodesia during June, 1937, was 664.

FALLS AS TIME SCALE

The Victoria Falls can be used as a time gauge to measure the antiquity of man. A thesis recently published in the journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, by A. Leslie Armstrong, F.S.A., F.S.I., and the Rev. Neville Jones, F.R.A.I., of the Rhodesian Museum, Bulawayo, gives a striking idea of how it can be done. During countless ages, the Zambesi River has been engaged in cutting a deep gorge through a great barrier of hard basalt at the Falls and in so doing has worn a narrow chasm 400 feet deep and 40 miles long. Numerous stone implements found under the ancient river gravels south of the Falls show that man lived there when the Zambesi, below the Victoria Falls, flowed 500 feet *above* its present level and before the wonderful chasm was carved out. As during the seventy-five years or thereabouts during which the Falls have been scientifically observed the erosion of basalt caused by the rush of the plunging river has been too small to measure, some notion may be conceived of the age of these implements.

The implements are classified into seven cultural groups which, with the exception of the earliest and latest, are very similar in type and technique to those found in the glacial deposits in England. The great antiquity of the early "pre-Chillian" group is emphasised by the discovery by geologists of evidence that, since their manufacture, this part

of Africa has seen two arid and two wet ages. During the former the Zambesi must have almost ceased running, but during the wet, or pluvial, periods the erosion was probably speeded up.

HELPING THE MOTORIST

The Automobile Associations of Rhodesia and South Africa have jointly established a "port officer" at the great Beit Bridge over the Limpopo river which forms the common boundary of the two countries. This officer will help motorists through the Customs formalities on both sides of the river, explain routes and other matters, and his help is available also to non-members of the A.A. and R.A.C.

One item, for instance, on which motorists sometimes need a little advice, is the adjustment of their carburettors. When travelling from sea-level to the high plateau of the interior drivers are apt to find their car behaving strangely. The mixture becomes too rich and the machine "eats up the juice." The cause is the altitude; cars use less petrol in Rhodesia than at sea-level, though they give slightly less power. On the other hand, a car tuned to an altitude of 5,000 feet will hardly run at sea-level without the choke. Points like this can be explained by the new "port officer" at Beit Bridge, and perhaps motorists will be pleased to know that though, as they go further from the coast, their petrol costs them more, they will, if they properly adjust their carburettors, need less of it. It is now possible to drive, quite comfortably, from Cape Town, through Rhodesia, to Lake Nyasa.

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T H E O N L Y M a t u r e d G I N

Letters to the Editor

FOR THOSE WHO SERVED

Sir,—Every year it is the privilege of some senior sailor or soldier to ask for the continued support of the public for the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, with which is incorporated the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, that admirable institution for disabled ex-Service men.

The products of the workshops, the beautiful and finished work of all kinds, are now well known, and it is perhaps realised that the Society's object is to train and employ disabled soldiers and sailors whose disability from war service prevents them from earning an adequate and honourable livelihood in the ordinary employment markets of the country.

That such a noble work should have been started as a lasting memory to the great Earl Roberts, who "died within sight of the battle smoke," visiting the front of the soldiers he loved so well, should appeal for all times to the people of this nation. The rank and file of the permanent services are largely drawn from "Labour." It is "Labour" whom the British nation hires to win its "Trafalgars" and "Waterloos," to leave its bones in Waziristan.

Those who return to us unfit to earn their living or with inadequate wound pensions should be the most appealing of all our duties and benevolences.

Without their services the Empire cannot continue, nor this great country earn its wages and its wealth.

The objects of this Society are two-fold, firstly the relief of distress among deserving ex-Service men, and secondly, to put the disabled man, as nearly as possible, on the same footing for earning a living as those who are not injured. The goods that the disabled men make are sold at competitive prices, but the badly injured must take longer on their work than the hale.

The Great War is fading into oblivion, but the "regular" soldier and sailor of this Empire is always at war or engaged in dangerous duties for the peace of the world and the protection of our own, and other peoples, in the four quarters of the globe.

May I once again, on behalf of the Chairman of the Society, the Countess Roberts, and her Council, and all those who have contributed to this work in the past, ask the public to contribute again, or to give help for the first time, to a work that should lie very near their consciences.

Cheques should be crossed "Lloyds Bank Ltd." and made payable to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bt., hon. treasurer, Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, 122, Brompton Road, Room 62, London, S.W.3.

GEORGE MACMUNN,
Lieut.-General.

*Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help
Society, 122 Brompton Rd., London, S.W.3.*

THE SELBORNE BY-PASS

Sir,—The Selborne Society, which for fifty-two years has cherished the memory of Gilbert White, is asking everyone who admires him as an author, or as a Naturalist, or both, to cut out, or copy out the following protest and send it signed to the Secretary of the Selborne Society at The Hermitage, Hanwell, London, W.7, so that it may be forwarded to the proper authority with the Society's own:—

"Understanding that powers are to be sought to drive a road, in the future, through the grounds of The Wakes at Selborne, between the house and the Hanger which Gilbert White loved so well, I wish to protest against what would be an offence to the memory of a very great Englishman who made his village famous throughout the world, and to urge that an alternative scheme, if necessary, be adopted."

WILFRED MARK WEBB

(Hon. Secretary, the Selborne Society).

The Hermitage, Hanwell, London, W.7.

THE GREAT SEAL

Sir,—I wonder if any of your readers could inform us whether the Great Seal which King James the Second threw into the Thames was ever recovered.

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MACMILLAN

Your Investments

SUCCESS OF NEW ISSUES

IT is rarely that new issues of capital can be made with such success immediately prior to the August holiday as has been done this year. The Iraq loan, with the security of the British oil companies' royalties behind it, and giving a yield of over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., made an immediate appeal and was many times covered, while the Middlesbrough $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, issued at 101, also met with a good response, and an issue of industrial shares at a premium was over-subscribed. This gives every indication of market strength, not only due to the interest of the professional investor, but also to that of the public, who for some weeks were frightened by the reaction which took place on the "gold scare," the international situation, and the profit-taking which followed the rise in security prices in the first three months of the year.

With the approach of the autumn, this investment interest may be expected to increase.

G.W.R. AND L.M.S. DIVIDENDS

The half-yearly statements of the Great Western and London, Midland & Scottish Railways were hardly up to the expectations indicated by the Southern and L.N.E.R. results, for the L.M.S. disappointed the market by paying no interim on the ordinary stock, though the preference stocks receive their full interim payments. Receipts were higher by £1,410,000, but expenses absorbed £1,100,000 more and net receipts gained only to the extent of £310,000. This was far less than the market had expected, and the ordinary stock has eased to 33. At this price it does not appear to discount fully the prospects for the full year, though the market has reason to be disappointed at the net revenue figures.

The Great Western, on the other hand, secured a net revenue increase of £500,449 from a gross increase of £887,000, a good showing. The interim dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the ordinary stock compares with $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a year ago and gives little indication as to the full rate for the year. The ordinary stock, at 66, still gives scope for a further rise, but with the ordinary stocks of all the lines the wages factor has to be taken into account, and this may prevent any prolonged upward movement in Home Rails.

HADFIELDS

The 10s. shares of Hadfields Ltd., the steel and armament manufacturers, do not look over-valued at 34s. 6d. The company has just greatly reduced its debenture indebtedness by offering holders of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock two ordinary shares for every £3 of stock, and £445,813 of debenture stock was cancelled in this way, the ordinary shares' position being thus improved by the reduction of the prior charges in front of them. Despite this increase in the ordinary capital, the directors have been able to increase the interim this year from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and the market is looking for a 20 per cent. distribution for the year. If this is realised, the

shares at their present price would yield over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is by no means an unattractive prospect, particularly when there are possibilities of a further cash bonus from sales of assets.

BRITISH CINEMA PROFITS

Associated British Picture Corporation, which owns and controls some 325 cinemas besides producing and distributing films, made net profits last year of £869,645, compared with £639,851 for the year to March 31, 1936, and the dividend is increased from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 18 per cent., while the depreciation allowance is raised from £150,000 to £175,000 and the allocation to reserve from £200,000 to £375,000. The company is in process of acquiring control of the Gaumont-British group, but only the first stage of the agreement for this acquisition has been completed and the actual acquisition has still to be carried through. In the meantime the 5s. shares at 16s. return $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and are quite a good investment of their type.

RHODESIAN COPPER PROFITS

The preliminary profit figures of Rhokana Corporation, the leading Northern Rhodesia copper producer, make a remarkable showing, the profit of £2,010,000 for the year to June 30 last comparing with £714,500 for the previous year, while no account has been taken for the anticipated substantial maiden dividend on its holding in Mufulira Copper Mines. Last year's dividend was $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and already this year an interim payment of 25 per cent. has been made, so that there is some justification for the £1 shares standing at £14 15s., though if 50 per cent. is paid for the whole year the yield on this price would be only $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. But Rhokana have always been priced on prospects and these, with Copper at £57 per ton, against the average last year of £38 10s. in 1936, appear to be more likely to result in a further upward movement in the shares than the reverse.

Rhodesian Anglo-American have frequently been mentioned in these columns at prices around 30s. and they now stand at 33s. The company has a controlling interest in Rhokana, and if the latter's price is not too high, then "Rho-Anglo's" should stand at 37s. at least.

TIME TO BUY RUBBERS

The hastening of supplies of rubber from Malaya and the Dutch East Indies to relieve the recent stringency of the market has brought an apparent weakening of the commodity's position, and the price has fallen to well under 9d. per lb., with an attendant set-back in the shares. But it is unlikely that this rate of rubber output can be maintained and, with any recovery in the price, the shares will again be in demand, for the companies are announcing highly satisfactory results for the year just ended. Rubber Trusts, the leader of the market, now stand at 37s., against 48s. 9d. earlier in the year, while Anglo-Dutch Plantations are 38s. 9d., against 50s. 9d. reached this year. Both are thoroughly sound shares and Anglo-Dutch, in particular, appear under-valued since such a large part of the company's interests are in Tea—and Tea shares have been strong on the good selling prices for the commodity.

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